

# THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. II.

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## THE PEDESTRIAN—No. VII.

### LAVINIA'S RETURN.

Mr. Easy,

Leander insisted upon this—he said, he had not been backward in his own province. —“So Rario”—concluded my friend, with a serious significant shrug—“you may take upon yourself about as much of the blame as you can well carry.”

It evinced a kindly disposition in Leander, and I was much obliged by his willingness to throw all the load on my shoulders.

This was a short debate between Leander and myself, naturally arising out of your last week's notice. I well knew that Leander alluded to his poetic labours—and, imagining that his eyes at that moment spoke the hostile language of one who supposed himself my superior, I was preparing for such a discharge of wit as would have demolished some of his *fairy, sing-song* breastworks, when Lavinia—“bless her, ye Gods,” whose voice is peace, and yet whose every word is a swift winged arrow to the heart of sensibility—whose look would tame the fiercest Rollo, whose very whisper would raise more legions than the *stamping* of a dozen Pompeys.

I must beg your indulgence, Mr. Easy, for a short digression here—which you will grant when I inform you, that Lavinia had just returned from the country. Leander and myself met on this our first visit since her return. Lavinia, who before was far superior to those *imaginary* creatures (I don't know what species they are of—being more than woman) on whom novelists lavish, without any trouble, the epithet angelic, had much improved herself in the country. Stored with additional intelligence,

and her wit keen as a razor, O how can I refrain from telling of my joy on being thus again admitted to her converse! Her handsome person, too, was improved, and the increase of red in her cheek, the infallible token of health, and no small contributor to the outward ornament of woman, combined to render Lavinia yet more pleasing.—Zounds! Mr. Easy, were I as *big* a poet as Leander, I'd nearly stretch the truth in praise of one, who defies temperate description.—

I say, sir, just as I was preparing to lower the dignity of this verse-proud Leander; Lavinia—irresistable, lovely woman—proclaimed an armed neutrality. She sat between us—or, rather, we had eagerly drawn up our chairs on each side of her: thus could the indescribable lustre of her eye check, if necessary, the approach on either hand. Leander, cried the fair arbitress, “you must not thus take on; though you weave poetry with great ease and alacrity, yet Rario is not of right your obsequious *Bozzy*. Should your supposed success in courting the muse, induce you to growl at small, and less favoured people, like a surly JOHNSON—you will find, I hope, that the blood which swells the veins of Rario, is truly American—he could not stoop to be your BOSWELL.”—

I would have thanked the noble umpire—but when I raised my eyes to catch her's—Oh, Easy, how I felt!—The brilliant stars singed my optics—while the dignity, and yet the amiable softness of the whole woman, caused such unspeakable sensations, that I lost my speech—my eyes grew dim—I thought I loved the whole of woman kind—for in Lavinia dwells all the excellencies of female loveliness—In short I trembled—I shifted on my seat—my waistcoat felt too tight—the pulse beat violently on the back of my head—I would willingly have laid me down.—

I shall not presume to say much on the subject of Leander's feelings in this place. From his well known extravagance, you may suppose he was in a “great way.”



This much I remarked—that on recovering a little from my state of indisposition, or disposition to be in—love; I found Leander convinced of his folly. He acknowledged that Lavinia reasoned right; most closely reasoned to the point.

We began to assume a cheerful appearance—but Lavinia—sensible of having acted a conspicuous part in this affair—hid her authoritative face in a blush. How can you, gentlemen, said she, behave so silly?—I really believe you strive to make me appear ridiculous—and that you laugh in your sleeves at my pretensions to learning—Now don't I guess right in supposing—

I looked at Lavinia—then at Leander—and experienced no small degree of mortification on finding that Lavinia, as I feared, entertained so contemptible an opinion of my understanding, as to suppose me incapable of justly appreciating the mental improvement among the ladies of the present day. Leander looked blank—and had Lavinia been permitted to proceed, I verily believe he would have found his way through the bottom of the chair.

My dear girl, stammered I, as I ventured to take hold of Lavinia's hand, could I suppose the existence of so much worth unaccompanied by a large portion of that virtue which the amiable part of your sex so assiduously cultivate, and with so much success—ingenuousness—I should cry out in the midst of my anguish, and in the discordant tone of misanthropy, that I had been honoured with the friendship and the confidence of Lavinia, alas, in vain—no! sooner would I—

A truce, Rario, interrupted Lavinia, with such modest sweetness—and with so much benevolence in her look, as she inclined with graceful carelessness towards me, that I exclaimed within myself, “by all the powers of fancy, most fortunate Rario, I would not exchange thy place for that of the dullest formalist under heaven!”—A truce, my good sir; I foresee that you will else be under the necessity of deviating from your standing maxim.

“I beg you'll not compel him to compliment you in his own defence”—said Leander sarcastically as he shewed evident signs of returning courage. Lavinia is possessed of too much good sense to call this a *failing* in me. Convinced that a sensible woman is more happy in being beloved for good qualities than in being flattered and admired for a pretty face, Lavinia would not aid Leander in quizzing me for my apparent coldness, and unwillingness (as he termed it) to do justice.

But, Mr. Easy, all this is foreign from the purpose for which I took up the quill. My intention was to apologize to you, and to the flattering “majority,” for my long

silence. As I was beginning to lay the case before you, the interference of a female drew me from the subject.—And the interference of *such* a female, will ever withdraw my attention from lighter considerations. After this short digression from *the question*—this small attention to the “charming” object that had long been out of reach—and I could not say less—I must “return to the thread of my narrative.”

Leander and myself had been informed of *Lavinia's return*—and, moved by similar motives, we met at her residence. It was here, that I charged Leander with negligence; when he retorted as I have remarked. Now it appears evident that Lavinia's intimation was correct—and that Leander conceives it my duty to record these little anecdotes concerning him—But if he does not produce something for you soon, I'll give a strange account of him.

RARIO.

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Mr. Easy,

The opinions of mankind appear to shift their channel, and to be continually fluctuating in each extreme, in almost every age. What in one epoch of the world, claimed admiration and was lauded with an universal shout, in the succeeding, was despised, or attacked with the utmost acrimony. Such is FASHION, the tutelar deity of man. No nation but what acknowledges her divinity, and no class of men, but what obeys her precepts. Charming *variety* is the allurements and the bait, which she employs to compel their subjection. However deformed or eccentric her appearance in some ages, swarms of admirers pursue her footsteps and imitate her deformity. The inclination of Alexander's head occasioned the same defect in his courtiers: and the ignorance and barbarity of some Emperors promoted the downfall of literature in their empires. That the Ruler of a Kingdom could be less erudite, or inferior in intellectual endowments, to his subjects, was a solecism to sycophants; and that he who was incapable of erring should be dictated to by menials, was preposterous and absurd. Thus learning, when not caressed or acknowledged by fashion, pined away, and the world relaxed again into a state of uncivilization. Superstition was a feeble dam to her torrent, and the anathemas of an *Anselm* could not abate the rage for spoon-bill shoes. If therefore that formidable opponent when at the acmé of power, could not controul this Gipsy, the arrows of a periodical publication, though winged by an Addison or a Steele, must have fallen short of the mark, and fell useless.

The ukase of Czar Peter, commanding the beards of



his subjects to be shaved, created discontents, and nearly terminated in rebellion ; but despotism spoke, and servile courtiers enforced her mandates. The Parliament of France were obliged to regulate the length of shoes for each condition, prohibiting a plebeian to wear those which exceeded one foot and a half, quaking with fear lest the vulgar should obtain as good footing in the world as the nobility. *Risum teneatis amici?* Strange that such absurdity should ever find entrance into the minds of men.

Innumerable instances of the folly of man might here be adduced from the earliest accounts of history to the present *loo endemic*, which infects *even* the fair sex. Cards mar all social intercourse and destroy that sweet communion which man should hold with man. The minds of the players, intent upon the successful termination of the game, exclude all other ideas, and are narrowed by the contemplation of the heaps which blind fortune has thrown in their lap, and which has impoverished a neighbour or a friend. Altercation generally ensues, except when the presence of the ladies smothers the resentment of the parties, to be enkindled and blaze more furiously in their absence.

But my detestation of gaming has unwarily drawn me aside from my original design. I intended to propose something to abate the omnipotence of fashion ; to use her most powerful weapon for seduction—Ridicule—against her own power and dominion. Ridicule has been justly denominated a magician, in abstracting the minds of men, from useful studies & employments, & leading them imperceptibly into the snares of pleasure and folly. When she assists the forces of fashion, who can withstand their allied power. When the pious or religious man is dubbed *Sanctified Dog* or *Hypocrite*, youth, without analysing the truth of these sarcasms, but charmed with the witticisms which are always accompanied with loud laughter, readily acquiesce in the opinion ; and thus lay substratums for scoffing, contemning and despising religion.

Now, Mr. Easy, why not apply the touch of the magic wand to the fashionable follies of the day ? *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* Cast off that sombre and demure appearance which your friendly Companion wears, and which RARIO and JONATHAN PLUMPUDDING have alone for a moment dispelled. Give us but a small quantity of “ tedious gravity,” and we will salute you as a *cheerful easy friend*.

SIRID.

## COMMON SENSE—No. IV.

Mr. Easy,

“ *I am a man, and all calamities that touch  
“ Humanity, come home to me ;*”

But not so with the generality of mankind, for I have frequently heard malevolent characters apply divine judgments to men and events ; contrary to the dictates of truth, or even *common sense* ; and therefore, I hope the following cursory remarks on so ridiculous a practice, will meet the toleration of your judicious Club, as also the approbation of your numerous and respectable readers.

How is this spirit to be accounted for ? Does it proceed from a malicious disposition, ignorance, or impiety ?—At all events, it is irreligious to say, that the Supreme Author of our being is against any particular man, or society of men, inasmuch as He has created all mankind after his own likeness, upright, amiable and merciful ; but alas ! the allurements of vice have greatly counteracted his omniscient design ; and some men are silly enough to fashion God as best suits their own passions and prejudices. During the age of Polytheism, when every heathen worshiped a god of his own choosing, in order to favour his wrong notions of things, such a belief was more excusable ; but in this enlightened age of christian faith, wherein one true God is acknowledged and worshiped, who delighteth not in silly baubles and shew ; nor in human cruelty, revenge or sacrifice, it is irreligious and irrational to charge Divine Wisdom with partial judgment. Notwithstanding nominal christians worship but one God ; yet, they conceive him in such a variety of different forms, and disagree so materially about his nature and will, that they absolutely belie each other in expounding his attributes ; and therefore, I am bold to say, that they cannot all mean one and the same Being ; otherwise they would not be guilty of applying divine judgments to evils that befall their neighbours, and of assigning such motives for the all-wise dispensations of Providence, as best suit their own weak prejudices or sable designs. It is observable, that such *ignis-fatuus* beings are mostly the fawning dupes of flattery and empty sounds, easily provoked by trifles ; and consequently, apt to imagine the Supreme Being to be so too. Thus they justify their own conduct and silly fancies, and believe him to be their friend, and an enemy to those against whom they entertain enmity ; that all the casualties which befall those whom they dislike, are manifestly the work of divine judgment. Hence, they often charge God with being the author of their own wickedness, while the objects of their



malice, being better christians, think with a christian spirit.

We are commanded "not to judge, lest we be judged," and are told that "vengeance is the Lord's," and that "judgments are in his hand." Now, I would ask the uncharitable, if these sublime sentences do not furnish a conviction, that they have not the least semblance of authority to apply the judgments of God to the calamities of mankind? On the contrary, the misfortunes of life furnish no criterion to judge of either the approval or displeasure of the Supreme Being, who makes an equal distribution of his blessings to the just and unjust. Indeed, if there be any inequality, it is amongst the righteous; and it is an incontrovertable fact, that they are the minority. Again, it is evident, that the apostles and saints were the greatest objects of poverty in the world—that the followers of Mahomet, and the Pagans possess, at least, as rich a portion of the globe, as the christians do, that they are not more subject to affliction and calamity while they live, and that they sink into eternity with as little pain.

We are told, that when the Moors inhabited Spain, all the calamities which happened to her, whether they proceeded from physical or human causes, were attributed to divine judgment, for suffering such idolaters to possess that country; but mark the sequel: they were the source of the greatest judgments upon themselves, by driving away and annihilating so numerous and industrious a people. And the Pagans too, destitute of virtue themselves, we are told, charged the Christians with being instrumental to the disasters of Rome, when Alarick, king of the Huns, plundered that city. Why? because they despised and treated their gods with just contempt; and therefore, they alledged, that their gods, in gratitude to them, and out of spite to the Christians, disseminated through the world, miseries, hurricanes, earthquakes, wars and pestilence, a train of evils which have been the pest of humanity from the beginning, and, we have good reason to fear, will be to the end of time. Hence, I incline to believe, the beginning of persecution against the Christians; but they were destined in time to retaliate in like manner against the heathen, to use similar reasoning, and to prefer like reprisals, with as little justice, honesty, or humanity: thus all sects of politico-religionists have dealt, and alas! continue to deal with each other.

Such men as wantonly term the misfortunes of others, judgments of God, are guilty of a prejudice equally in-pious as their opinions are ridiculous; and as inconsistent with *common sense* and rationality, as the application of

the terms equity and humanity to the oppressions and butcheries of ALEXANDER and CÆSAR. Indeed, it is highly criminal to term the common casualties of life, divine judgments.—It is an incontrovertable truth, that death is the ultimate termination of all earthly enjoyments; and as to the various ways of dying, in the name of justice let me ask, if fire and sword, famine and pestilence, poison and torture, have not been the portion of the good as well as of the bad?

What a compound of insolence and folly are we! When anger and malice usurp the empire of reason in our breasts, we often have the rash presumption to conceive God unjust. Hence, such plainly infer, that He stoops from his throne of glory to indulge in the weak and ridiculous passions and prejudices of frail mortality. Gracious heaven! how widely men differ in their opinions and affections. Some delight in the effusion of human gore—some profanely apply the judgments of God to others for things which entitle them to his favour—some deem that which is absolutely a blessing, a curse—some hate that which is pleasing and meritorious in the eyes of God, and laudable in the estimation of virtuous men.

As I have heretofore observed, the heathen charged the christians with all the evils which befel Rome; but one of the fathers, we are told, composed a book to confute this fallacious aspersion, and to prove, that such things had existed from the commencement of time. Thus those who are guilty of applying divine judgments to the calamities and misfortunes of others, ought to be dealt with; and if they possess only a small share of modesty, shame, or even *common sense*, it will curb their misguided tongues.

There is an all-seeing eye above, which overlooks the world, and examines with the nicest penetration, its actions and motives; but when and where, none but the great Creator can tell; notwithstanding, temerarious bigots affect a knowledge thereof; and are everlastingly diving into the secrets of heaven, with equal impertinence and disappointment.

To the disparagement of this uncharitable practice let it be observed, and with equity too, that none but the evil spirited and superstitious tolerate, or connive at it—On the contrary, men of charitable and cultivated minds, view it with an eye of caution, and consider it as irreligious, indecent and unbecoming; well aware that it is equally malicious and dangerous, and the bane of every good; and conscious that the ways and secret counsels of God are far beyond the comprehension of man. They

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behold the perplexity of human affairs, and mortal man diving still deeper into the dreary abyss of vice and folly—the tide of prosperity flowing upon the vicious without even a sentiment of gratitude; the reverse of fortune assailing the virtuous without even so much as a murmur: some gaining popularity without virtue or wisdom to recommend them, and others verging from the pinnacle of affluence into a state of hapless poverty without growing a single iota worse. In a word, daily experience teaches us that good and evil are distributed promiscuously—that men of opposite dispositions, merit and morals often fall victims to the same general calamity, such as fire, pestilence, &c. or derive equal advantages from general prosperity, such as a fruitful year, blooming health, &c.

Again, it is evident, that some derive prosperity from the same cause which draws the veil of adversity over others who are better christians and possess greater merit, and *vice versa*. Hence it appears, that good and evil may be produced by the same cause, and are the portion of those who do, and who do not merit them. Under these considerations, men of probity and wisdom weigh matters in the scales of impartiality; and contemplating the perplexed and unstable state of life, are cautious against intermeddling with the affairs of heaven, and applying its judgments to the calamities and distresses of mankind.

Among Turks, who deem God the author of all they do, and of every calamity that others sustain by them, such wickedness is the more excusable, inasmuch as it is a tenet of their religion to believe, that successful attempts to murder princes and the like, is not criminal or sinful; for they judge of the supreme will by the event, and not by what is lawful or just. They glory in the misfortunes of their fellow mortals, because they foolishly deem them the judgements of God, and themselves his agents. Just heaven! avert this spirit of irreligion, and keep it aloof from this clime of fostered liberty, flowing plenty, and manly independence.

H.

### A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 63.)

After some parley we sat out together for the Fort; I rode on horse-back, while he walked by my side leading my mare. From the conversation I held with this honest man, I found that I had wandered full five miles out of my proper road, and that we had seven more to traverse ere we reached the Fort. We continued an almost silent journey for about an hour and an half, when having ascended an high hill, my guide pointed to the lights of the

Fort, that dimly twinkled through the misty vapours which almost perpetually hang over the lake, upon whose margin this building and small town is erected.

Our descent was now gradual for a very considerable distance, until we arrived at the bottom of the mountain, from which a wooden bridge, of an amazing length, is thrown across a broad arm of the lake, and by which the Fort is entered from that side. Like most of the bridges in that part of Scotland, this is raised to a vast height above the surface of the water below, and is moreover extremely dangerous to pass along in the night, on account of the want of railing at the sides, where there is nothing put to prevent the traveller from falling into the lake.

It was about the hour of midnight when we attempted to cross this fatal bridge, and the night was unusually dark and silent; no sounds were heard save the gentle murmurs of the lake below, and the hollow tramps of my mare's feet, as she paced the rotten boards of the bridge, which indeed produced a rumbling noise, that at any other time might not have been unpleasant, but which then conveyed to my mind the terrible idea that the bridge would inevitably give way, and this painful sensation was much augmented by the actual shaking of that frail building.

About the midway over, my mare made a sudden stand, and all the whipping and spurring I could make use of had no effect in making her proceed. Thinking this dead pause very strange, I called my guide, who had insensibly slunk back, to come forward and examine into the cause of her fright. He did so, and to the latest hour of my life I can never forget the emphatic "O God!" accompanied by a slipping noise, that struck my ear as he passed my mare's head, and which was almost instantaneously succeeded by a loud splash in the lake, at a dreadful depth below my feet.

Horror seized my whole frame; and trembling with unspeakable anguish, when I endeavoured to speak, the faltering accents hung upon my lips, and could gain no utterance; whilst at intervals the mingled sounds of splashing, stifled groans, and thrilling cries for help, pierced the sky with unavailing woe; and ere I could give an utterance to my grief, the last hollow splash, the last groan, and the last throb, had died away into awful silence, and the unhappy victim had sunk to rise no more. Then it was my frenzied thoughts broke out into loud shouts of despair, which rung through the vast concave of the heavens, and awakened the mountain echoes in their retreat, from whence they answered me in their most horrid mockery.

After a few minutes solemn pause, a body of invalids



sallied from the fort, with lights in their hands; and upon approaching the fatal spot, their lanthorns discovered to my aching sight a tremendous chasm, made by a giving way of a large part of the bridge and by which means had my unfortunate guide sunk to all the horrors of untimely death.

This part of the bridge was undergoing some repairs, & the careless workmen having neglected to place any barrier, a hideous gulph yawned to my sight, which I had no other means of passing, than by calling to some invalids of the Fort, desiring them to procure a few planks, which I ordered to be laid across the chasm. This being done, and after they were united together as closely as circumstances would allow, I ventured to cross the dangerous place, and had the good fortune to reach the opposite side in perfect safety, though not without being oppressed by the most melancholy thoughts. I related the sad story to those of the invalids who had so kindly assisted me, and begged that they would use every exertion in their power to discover the body of the unfortunate man, who had fallen so dreadful a sacrifice to his voluntary generosity, and I promised a considerable reward to those who should convey it to me at the little inn where I intended to remain during the night. When I had stimulated them sufficiently to the painful search, I took my leave and went in quest of the public house, which stood at no great distance from the foot of the bridge.

My little shelly, whose instinct had been (upon two occasions that melancholy night) instrumental in the preservation of my life, being housed and properly taken care of, I was conducted by a little old woman into a miserable habitation, which was there considered as an hotel of vast magnitude and convenience.

Perceiving that my language and manners bore not the least resemblance to the Scotch, she imagined that I was an Englishman, and in this belief began to squeak such an horrid dialect that I was obliged to put a stop to a stream of the very lowest cockney eloquence that entirely disorganised my delicate hearing. I was made to understand that she was a native of Chatham, and that she thoroughly despised the Scotch *canaille* by whom she was surrounded: observing that "no christian would live among such filth, if he could live any where else, and that for her part, she was *necessitated* to dwell there because her husband, who had been a soldier, was dead and left her that inn for her fortune; and that being the case she could not leave it." however, she observed that as I was an Englishman and a proper christian, I should have a good supper.

I put an end to her loquacity by desiring to be shewn

into a room. I was directed into the kitchen, whose peat-fire being surrounded by some half-naked, lousy wretches, drinking whiskey, I was so disgusted that I retired to my bed-room, in which I ordered a fire to be made. This apartment was (if possible) more filthy than the other, and the floor which was made of mud not having been swept out, I suppose since its first formation, was covered to the depth of several inches with dust and dirt, amongst which all manner of noxious insects held their abode. One corner of the room was screened from my view by a large piece of coarse cloth, that was suspended from the ceiling to the ground. No bed appearing in the apartment, and this cloth being stained in several parts with blood, while a large congealed mass stood beneath upon the ground, my curiosity tempted me to remove the coarse veil that held me in suspense, but dreading to behold some shocking object (which indeed my imagination had instantly formed, the first moment in which I had beheld the mysterious spot;) horror for what I might see, continued for some time to prevent my curiosity from being gratified. The murdered body of some miserable human being, perhaps newly slain, and then weltering in its gore, presented itself, arrayed in all its ghastly terrors to my disordered imagination, and deterred my adventurous hands, which were several times extended for the purpose of removing the mystery, and which as often relinquished the attempt.

At length hearing footsteps upon the staircase, I rushed forwards, seized the cloth, and throwing it upon one side, discovered a sight, amidst all my terrors I could not have conceived. Instead of the murdered body of an human being, I beheld, suspended by the heels, a newly slaughtered sheep, dripping gore. So powerful is the effect caused upon the imagination by a combination of melancholy or disagreeable images, that my mind had been worked up to an unusual pitch of terrific expectation by this simple appearance.

Much indeed might be said on behalf of such a temperature of mind, in my then present situation. The poignant anguish which I felt from the unfortunate fate of the poor Highlander, who had fallen a sacrifice to my own interests, oppressed my mind, while the gloom of a stormy night, the loneliness and ignorance of my real situation, and the combination of so many disagreeable and sadly-presaging images, all conspired against her peace. A man who could not have felt alive, and been solemnly impressed by so many melancholy objects, must indeed have been devoid of all sensibility and feeling.

The footsteps I had heard upon the stairs were those of my antique hostess, who was coming with a large knife in



her hand, to dismember part of the sheep before-mentioned for my supper ; but had this wrinkled hag presented herself, with her great knife, before I had discovered the carcass of the sheep, and while I was labouring under the painful influence of so many shocking presages, some bad effects would, in all probability, have been the consequence of her intrusion. She made many apologies for hanging the sheep in that part of her house, but alledged that she had no other place where it would be safe from the attacks of vermin, and therefore whenever she had any meat, (which was but once, or perhaps twice, during the year) she hung it in her best apartment. When I enquired for my bed, she opened a small square door on one side of the room, and upon holding the candle to the opening, I beheld a narrow, and dark cavity in the wall, which much resembled the shape and dimensions of a coffin. In this nauseous hole was thrust some dirty bed linen, amongst which I was informed her visitors of distinction usually dwelt for the night, and which I was then to occupy.

Having made as good a meal upon part of the sheep, and some potatoes, as the filth would allow, I dismissed the old woman, who attended me with too much assiduity, and was preparing to creep upon my hands and knees into the recess in the wall, where my bed was deposited, when a very loud knocking was heard at the door of the inn, together with the confused noise of many voices below the window of my room. I opened the casement and looked out, but such was the impenetrable darkness of the night, that I could not discern any particular object.

(To be continued.)

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not heard from the writer of "Letter I," published in our last, since issuing that number. It would afford us much pleasure, and our readers no inconsiderable instruction, were he to forward a *series on various subjects* : for we are convinced of his ability ; and we doubt not his impartiality. If we may judge from what has appeared, he is a candid and an honourable critic ; and though he bears hard upon her follies, yet we believe him to be the friend of woman. If we could suspect him of being hostile, we would not invite him to furnish matter for a sheet which is intended, in no mean degree, for their benefit and amusement.

COMMON SENSE No. 4, in this day's Companion, was received previous to the publication of PROMPTER.

THE PEDESTRIAN is prompt and active, and very much of a Shandean. He has our best thanks for his friendly assistance.

"Haste thee, Charles, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides."

SIRID is a new writer ; with whom for the benefit of our readers, we would willingly be better acquainted. He appears to have a friendship for The Pedestrian, who we believe respects every clever fellow, and yet would laugh at *any* thing that appears absurd, or presents itself to him in a ludicrous point of view.

"THE RETURN, after an absence of a number of years."—This poem is received ; but we have not room at this time "to speak freely" to the author.

We have received the *ravings* of EXOTIC ; who "takes it very unkind of us to villify nobility !" And wouldst thou, poor scribbler, cow us down to sycophancy ? We never said aught against *true nobility* ; we revere the nobility of America ; as Americans are only *noble* when *worthy* ; the only legitimate nobility of man (in the estimation of Americans) is "nobility of soul"—superior acquirements. Our correspondent's remark ; "that foreigners too read our paper," is flattering to us, and we must be obliged thereby ; but it is no argument against us. We write for our countrymen ; and would not (knowingly) contaminate the mind of one of them, to gain all the *exotic* praise that might be heaped upon us. If this writer is as much "our friend" as he declares himself to be, we shall with pleasure receive his remarks upon a proper subject ; and we assure him, that his piece is not rejected so much because it is against our own remarks, as from its being *against our country*.

SIDNEY has obligingly furnished us with a valuable and appropriate essay for the New Year.

LEANDER, unfortunately for his own ease, has convinced the town that he *can* write. Rario has heard of this ; and in the language of the proverb, thinks "that the bird that *can* sing, and *won't* sing, must be *made* to sing."

ORLANDO is too *flat* for criticism. Of such rhymers the indignant Shakspeare beautifully says—

I had rather be a kitten, and cry *mew* !  
Than one of these same mere ballad-mongers.  
I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree ;  
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry :  
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

Ah why those deep desponding sighs ?  
 Why thro' my heart this genial glow ;  
 Which bids my ravish'd soul arise,  
 And to my sweet Eliza go ?

And ah ! when seated by her side,  
 With rapture dwelling on her name ;  
 What makes my vital stream to glide  
 So warm, so quick, thro' all my frame ?

And why with rapture do I see  
 Her snow-white bosom's melting heave ?  
 Why in my heart that extacy,  
 That softening ardour, it receives ?

Ah why those sparkling orbs so bright  
 That dart so quick their heav'nly ray ;  
 By whose soft, sweet, alluring light,  
 My ravish'd soul is borne away ?

Why on those pouting lips divine  
 Do I with melting ardour dwell ?  
 Why at their sacred heavenly shrine  
 With sweet submission do I kneel ?

Why when she speaks, in rapt'rous plight,  
 Does my imagination rove ?  
 Some secret spirit (heavenly sight)  
 Soft whispering tells me "*it is Love.*"

S.

~~~~~  
SELECTED POETRY.

## SONG—ON A KISS.

Humid seal of soft affections !  
 Tenderest pledge of future bliss !  
 Dearest tie of young connexions !  
 Love's first snow-drop, Virgin Kiss !

Speaking silence ! dumb confession !  
 Passion's birth and infant play !  
 Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,  
 Glowing dawn of brighter day !

Sorrowing joy ! Adieu's last action,  
 When lingering lips no more must join !  
 What words can ever speak affection  
 So thrilling, so sincere as thine ?

Thee the fond youth, untaught and simple,  
 Nor on the naked breast can find,  
 Nor yet within the cheek's small dimple !  
 Sole offspring thou of lips cojoin'd !

Then haste thee to thy dewy mansion ;  
 With Hebe spend thy laughing day !  
 Dwell in her rubied lip's expansion !  
 Bask in her eye's propitious ray !

THE FOLLOWING IS ONE OF DIBDEN'S NEWEST SONGS.

I was saying to Jack as we talk'd 'tother day  
 About lubbers and snivelling elves,  
 That if people in life, did not steer the right way  
 They had nothing to thank but themselves ;  
 Now when a man's caught by those mermaids the girls  
 With their flattering palaver and smiles,  
 He runs, while listening to their fal de rals,  
 Bump ashore on the Scilly Isles :  
 Thus in steering in life as in steering with us  
 To one course in your conduct resort,  
 In foul winds leaving luff and no near, keep her thus  
 In honour's line ready,  
 When fair keep her steady,  
 And neither to starboard incline, nor to port.

If he's true in his dealings, life's wind to defy,  
 And the helm has a trim and right scope,  
 Not luffing, but keeping the ship full and by  
 He may weather the Cape of Good Hope ;  
 But if he steers wide in temptation's high sea,  
 And to pleasure gives too much head-way,  
 Hard a port goes the helm, the ship's brought by the lee  
 And she founders in Botany Bay.

In wedlock so many wrong courses are made,  
 They part convoy so oft and so fast,  
 Till so fond they are grown of that same Guinea trade,  
 Cape Farewell is their anchorage, at last :  
 Some men I must own to be dubbed may be born,  
 But this for the wives I will say,  
 They seldom or ever bear down for Cape Horn  
 Till the husbands have showed them the way.

As to mutinous spirits, that through the world roll,  
 If we had them aboard, Jack, with we,  
 They should make no man's land and skulk thro' lubbers hole  
 And at last be laid in the Red Sea ;  
 But fine honest fellows, to Honour so dear,  
 Shall in this world by nothing perplex'd  
 Of False Bay get to windward, bring up in Cape Clear,  
 And bespeak a snug birth in the next.

~~~~~  
QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

When a bard, o'er his pipe, a dull ditty composes,  
 And critics, unmerciful, turn up their noses,  
 With anonymous praises the papers he stuffs,  
 And the offspring of *whiffs* is the parent of *puffs*.

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